

The Corinth War Eagle.

Corinth, Thursday - - - August 7.



The Miniature.

Alfred was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife,
Fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life.
He almost thought it spoke! He gazed
Upon the treasure still,
Absorb'd delighted, and amazed
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And did it kiss you back, my dear?"
"Why, no, my love," said he.
"Then, Alfred, it is very clear
'Tis not at all like me!"

A Singular Defence.

A gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode to an inn in the west of England one evening, a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of time. The landlord replied that it was their race and assize week, and that he would, therefore, be at no loss to pass away his leisure hours. On the gentleman's making answer that this was fortunate, for that he was fond of hearing trials, the other said that a very interesting trial would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner; but the man himself persisted resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed.

The guest manifested considerable curiosity to hear the trial; but as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place. The landlord told him that there could be no difficulty in a gentleman of his appearance getting a seat; but that, to make sure, he would himself go with him, and speak to one of the beadles. Accordingly, they went into court the next morning, and, through the landlord's interest with the officers of the court, the gentleman was shown to a seat on the bench. Presently after, the trial began.

While the evidence was proceeding against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed, till, on being called on for his defence, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted. This excited some surprise, and it seemed, at first, like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself, being asked by the judge the cause of his behavior, he said:

"Oh, my lord, I see a person present who can save my life; that gentleman," pointing to the stranger, "can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him."

The eyes of the whole court were now turned upon the gentleman, who said he felt in a very awkward situation to be called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that was asked him.

"Well, then," said the prisoner, "do you remember landing at Dover, at such a time?" To this the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

"Well," said he, "but don't you recollect that a person, in a blue jacket and trowsers, carried your trunk to the inn?"

To this he answered, that of course some person had carried his trunk for him; but that he did not know what dress he wore.

"But," said the man, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the boat told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead?"

During the last question, the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change. He said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and on the man's putting his hand aside, then showing the scar, he became quite sure that he saw the same person. A buzz of satisfaction now ran through the court, for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, the gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a distant part of the country. The stranger, however,

could not be certain of the time, but said that he sometimes made a memorandum of dates in his pocket-book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On turning to his pocket-book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the alibi, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst the applause and congratulations of the whole court. Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together to the same jail, for robbing the mail. It turned out that this clever defence at the trial was a scheme skillfully arranged by the thief's confederates to obtain the release of their accomplice.

SHARP PRACTICE.—A thief in England, who had been watching an opportunity to steal from a certain house, one day saw both the owner and his wife go out, and immediately entered the premises to improve the opportunity. He proceeded up stairs and seized a feather bed, the only valuable article he could see, and commenced carrying it down stairs, walking backward. When about half way down, the owner entered the front door, and exclaimed—

"Here, you rascal, what are you doing?"

"Taking this bed up stairs, sir," was the reply. "Mr. Jones, who says he is an old friend of yours, and is coming to spend a few weeks with you, sent me here to bring his bed."

"Mr. Jones! I don't know Mr. Jones. What right has he to invite himself into my house? Clear out!"

"Very well, sir," replied the thief, coming down stairs with the bed, "but Mr. Jones will be powerful mad."

And away he went with his load, leaving the family to discover their loss at bed time.

WESTERN ORATORY.—Gentlemen, I have heard of some persons who hold to the opinion, that just at the precise moment that one human being dies another is born; and that the just departed soul enters and animates the new born babe. Now, I have made particular extensive inquiries concerning my opponent there, and I find that for some time previous to his nativity *nobody died*.

Colonel Skinner, of Texas, who was going it on a "high figure" before the right kind of an audience, thus settled a long disputed fact in history and "elevated" himself:

"Feller-citizens," said he, with a very knowing look, "I was at the battle where Tecumseh was killed—I was! I commanded a regiment there—I did! I'm not gwine to say who *did* kill Tecumseh—I won't! But this much I will say: Tecumseh was killed by one of my pistols; and gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of human nature if a man would be very apt to lend out his pistols on an occasion of that sort."

THE ROLING PASSION.—Old Ira Thornton was a dreadful mean man, and had difficulty, sometimes, in drawing his breath, because he begrudged the air necessary for that operation. One day the old fellow was at work upon the high beams of his barn, when he lost his balance and fell heavily upon the floor, twenty feet below. He was taken up for dead, with a fractured skull, and carried into the house. All efforts to bring him to consciousness were unavailing, and the doctor was called. Finally, the doctor having trepanned him, turned and asked Mrs. Thornton for a silver dollar to put in where the piece of skull was wanting. At this remark, Ira, who had been breathing heavily, turned in bed and ground out, "Wouldn't a cent do as well?"

An action was brought against a lady for the price of a glass eye that she had ordered expressly to fit her, but refused to take when finished. She defended her own cause, and desired the court to observe her hair. "It is false," said she, "but it looks well and keeps my head warm. My teeth, too, are false," said she, "but they, too, look well; and, what is better, they enable me to chew my food. But this eye," continued she, angrily, "is not of half the use of my wig and artificial teeth, for I cannot see out of it a bit!" and so saying she dashed the eye indignantly on the floor of the court.

Punch observes that a daughter is always right when she endeavors to imitate her mother; but the mother is not equally right, when she, at a certain period of life, tries to imitate her daughter.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

The rebel list of Federal prisoners at Richmond, published a few days since, is incorrect. In the first place General McCall is only a Brigadier, not a Major General; secondly, Gen. Sumner is not a prisoner; thirdly, there is no Brigadier General Rankin; fourthly, Brigadier General Meade left Malvern Hill on James River, on the steamer George Washington, Tuesday evening, July 1, and arrived at Philadelphia several days later. He was not wounded "in the groin," but through the right side—and very severely.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* says: "A niece of President Madison resides at Orange Court-House, Va., and it was touching to see her going from house to house begging for a little tea that she might once more enjoy the household beverage. It is proposed to send down through the lines and give the old lady a small present of coffee, tea, and sugar. As it is not possible that she is in any way concerned in the rebellion, for the sake of the memory of her illustrious uncle, it is probable that she will soon discover that she has Union friends at the capital."

Gen. Isaiah Seymour, memorable for sharing with General Anderson in the defence of Fort Sumter, has been promoted, by General McClellan, to the command of the division of the captured General McCall.

Colonel William B. Stokes, a prominent Union man in Tennessee, ex-member of the United States Congress, is raising a battalion of cavalry to operate against the rebel guerillas in that State.

A Washington letter says: "Among other ways of raising funds for the relief of the inmates of the hospitals, we have had private fairs at the houses of distinguished officials, and citizens. The most successful was held at the residence of Mr. Secretary Smith, under the direction of his daughter, Mrs. Vallette, when the profits arising from the sale of fancy articles, flowers, and refreshments, exceeded six hundred dollars. A bouquet, sold at this fair for thirty dollars, had been prepared for it by Mrs. McClellan, and was so arranged as to present the Union devices."

REBEL LITERATURE.—Some persons may suppose that the examples of scotch ignorance given in the newspapers are spurious; but it is not so; they are lamentably true.—The following is a veritable copy of an epitaph on the headboard of a rebel soldier, prepared by a "literary lady":

"Here lies a stranger brav,
who died while fitin the Suthern Confederacy
to save
peace to his Dast."

"brave Suthern friend
from iland IO
you reached a Glorious end."
"we place these flowers above the strainers bed
In honor of the shiverlus ded."
Sweet spirit rest in heaven
Ther! be no Yankis there."

QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY.—Alexander the Great, with only 40,000 Greeks at his heels, forced the passage of the Granicus, though opposed by an army of Persians amounting to 500,000 fighting men, with Darius Codomannus at their head; and Alexander effected this with the loss of only 30 horses and 400 men. He afterwards overturned the vast empire of Persia, and overran half the globe, with little or no opposition, owing to the abominations and luxuries which prevailed, and which had so enfeebled the bodies and enervated the courage of the people, that the warriors of the East were little better than young girls or old women.

TRUE FELICITY.—If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious and the hearts of the ambitious.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

The Nashville Union prettily says: "Fifty-five of our soldiers were hung at the refined city of Atlanta, a few weeks ago; and now we have fourteen more loyal men executed on the scaffold. Would it not be well for some of our conservative friends to address a stirring and pathetic appeal to our 'misguided Southern brethren,' who are making such 'irregular opposition' to the Federal Government? That would look better than railing at the Administration."

The Master Race.

The following, from the Richmond *Whig*, shows that Southern pride and haughtiness is still the same, and that this false conception of their own superiority has had much to do in bringing on the great rebellion. Perhaps they may yet learn that those whom they have hitherto so heartily despised are at least their equals in more than one sense:

"The whole experience of the war is an attestation of the truth, long since discovered by impartial observers, that the master-race of this continent is found in the Southern States. Of a better stock, originally, and habituated to manlier pursuits and exercise, they have ruled in affairs of State by force of the stronger will and larger wisdom that pertain to and distinguish superior races of men, while on the field of battle they have in every contest held a priority of place, conceded to them by their present adversaries."

"This natural dominance of the Southern people has had much to do in bringing on the war. The inferior race, grown strong in numbers and ambitious from prosperity, have revolted against and now seek to overthrow and destroy those whose superiority was a constant source of envy and self-reproach. There is no fiercer malevolence than that of caste, and it is this which has so long stirred the Yankee bile. Always, in the presence of the Southern gentleman, he has felt a strong and painfully-repressed impulse to take off his hat. This conscious inferiority has galled the jealous and malignant creature, until he has broken out in servile insurrection. He has vainly concluded that his numbers can overwhelm and exterminate the subjects of his envy, and that he, succeeding to the broad acres and liberal habitudes of the Southern gentry, will come to be looked upon as a gentleman, too!"

Rebel Currency.

The following humorous effort at "laughing under difficulties" is taken from a copy of the New Orleans *Delta*, issued before the city and its currency became Butlerized:

"The old table of our school days, 'ten mills make one cent, ten cents one dime, ten dimes one dollar,' is played out. A dime, of a dollar in hard speller, is a sight good for diseased optics, and a five minutes' survey of ten dollars in specie would cure the most hopeless case of Asiatic cholera. But we have a new table of currency, and it is published here free of charge, for the benefit of those who choose to cut it out and post it up for reference:

Ten omnibus tickets make half a dollar.
Five Schelke's beer tickets make a man drunk, invested in lager.
Ten Krost's beer tickets make one city shin-plaster.
One handful of shin-plasters (with the picture worn off) makes a man cuss.
Ten half dollars make a fool of a poor man.
Twenty-five beer tickets (Schelke's or Krost's) make half a cing.
Forty beer tickets, ten omnibus tickets, one handful of shin-plasters, and nary half dollar, make a man steal. If they don't we should like to know what will."

Head or Tail.

A son of Erin having hired his services to cut some ice, was asked if he could use the cross-cut saw. He replied that he "could surely." He was sent accordingly, in company with his co-laborers, to cut some ice, and on reaching the centre of the pond the saw was produced with both handles still in their place. The verdant son, looking at the saw very coolly, put his hand in his pocket, and drawing from it a penny, said: "Now, Jamie, fair play; head or tail, who goes below."

Sensible suggestions concerning visits to wounded soldiers are made by an exchange: "It would be well to prohibit a promiscuous and unlimited system of visitation, a great inconvenience and annoyance to the soldiers and attendants. Let certain days be set apart in each hospital for visitors, and, for the convenience of the public, keep the day of visitation announced in the papers."

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of her milkman: "He is the meanest man in the world," she exclaimed, "he skims his milk on the top, and then turns it over and skims the bottom."

A loafer, who was reading in the Old Testament this phrase, "go to the bee, thou sluggard!" thinks it must be a misprint, and that the word "be," should read bed.

Arab Politeness.

A poor Arab was travelling in the desert, when he met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, to his simple mind it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch: and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man travelled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers, and thus explained the motives of his conduct:

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in this leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

All that sinners can present to their King is like the water brought by the Arab, though, like him we may fancy it worthy the acceptance of our Lord. But he will not reject—he will not despise the little offering of love and faith; for he hath promised that even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose its reward.

John Bull, Jr., Unhappy.

The Toronto Leader has been thrown into spasms again at the discovery that recruiting for the National army is in progress in Canada. In Tuesday's issue it says:

For some time past the walls of the city have been plastered with bills calling for a large number of laborers to work on a railroad in Pennsylvania, which may or may not have an existence, for all we know. We believe these bills had the effect of inducing some two hundred laboring men to leave the city to engage in work on this railroad. It has been questioned, however, whether the men were really required as laborers; and there were good reasons to believe that the kind of work for which they were wanted, was of a different nature. We have additional reasons for regarding the notification as a mere kidnapping scheme from the fact that a similar trick has been tried in the city of New York itself.

PATRIOTIC EXTRA-VAGANCE.—A gentleman recently from Florida, says that when that State seceded, she had four dollars and fifty cents in her treasury, and that every cent of this sum has been expended defending the rights of the South. Can the world's annals furnish any such example of equal patriotic liberality and devotion?

A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse, and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I really thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find I have fallen off."

A practical individual in a drinking saloon, hearing a partially inebriated gentleman quoting Ion, "it is a little thing to give a cup of water," replied:

"Yes, blamed little! A fellow that wouldn't give you a glass of beer ought to be kicked."

"Papa, has Mr. Smith's eyes got, got feet?"

"Why do you ask such a question my boy?"

"Because I heard mother say that at a party the other evening, Mr. Smith's eyes followed her all around the room."

Be not above your profession, and consider it as the first any man can follow. Never shrink from anything your business calls you to do. The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.

Parson Brownlow, in a recent lecture, says that secession is the offspring of two extremes in the South—refined rascality and idiotic ignorance. Complimentary, very.